HOLLOW INSIDE

PUNKROCK-NO[illegible] FANZINE

SPEZIAL

NR.7

1992

YOUR

NR: 8

So,da isse nun die Nr.7 des HOLLOW INSIDE Fanzines. Diesmal sieht das Zine etwas anders aus als erwartet,wie man,oder Ihr unschwer erkennen könnt.Ja,also,

wo soll ich bloß anfangen,-na egal, auf jeden Fall ist dies hier eine Spezial Ausgabe. Vollgestopft mit Bildern,oder bessergesagt mit Fotokopien von Bildern von nur einer Band,von den SEX PISTOLS aus London-

England. Seit ein paar Monaten wird wieder viel Wirbel um diese Band gemacht,was mich dazu veranlaßt hat ein paar Bilderchen aneinander zu

schnippeln ohne Rücksicht auf irgendwelche Anmerkungen oder Äußerungen. Das erste Reunion Konzert wird wohl ein Open Air erst im näxten Jahr sein,sodaß unsereins noch ein bisschen feuchte Händchen bekommen

darf bei der Vorstellung,-das man endlich den großen Ausverkauf der Pistols miterleben kann. You know: Lesson 3: Sell The Swindle. Zwar spät,aber immerhin.

Übrigens muß wirklich zugesagt werden, dass die in Anführungszeichen neue Doppel Best Of...CD mit Bonus "Live At Trondheim"CD in Sachen Optik ein Blickfang

in meinem CD Regal ist. Ja,Ja,es lebe der Konsum-Terror. JAH-Kommt angefegt, immer obenauf,You Know? Fuck Off! Wem das Zine hier nicht paßt,soll das

Teil entweder aufm Müll schmeißen oder mir zurückgeben, ~~ich erstatte natürlich den Fucka zurück~~. Die Ausgaben sind diesmal auf 76 Stück begrenzt(Ich will

nicht limitiert sagen). Wer die Nr.76 besitzt,soll sich melden,für den haben wir noch ein kleines Present. So,ich glaub das ist jetzt auch genug erzählt ,guckt euch das Zine an und labert mich an. Ach übrigens,bevor

ich das vergesse: die näxte normale Ausgabe kommt in ein paar Wochen(Monaten). Bis dann

Hanns Stresius
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Ach noch was: Diese edle Nummer kostet 10 Pfennige (ohne Porto). Und kommt mir bloß nicht auf die Tour: `Eh,alten sowat kann ich aber auch` Dann Machet Alten!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Geplant als HOLLOW INSIDE SEZIAL als näxtes: THE DAMNED!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Erscheinungstermin: 1999!!!

Melody Maker

ST 7, 1976 15p weekly USA 75 cents

CORYELL CUTS CLAPTON

LARRY CORYELL, the brilliant American guitarist, almost stole the show when he jammed on stage with Eric Clapton at last Saturday's Crystal Palace Garden Party.

His surprise appearance provided a spectacular climax to the show and threatened to eclipse Clapton's subdued performance. Coryell played some immaculate blues choruses before joining Clapton — pictured below — blues

giant Freddie King and the Rolling Stones' Ronnie Wood for a jam.

Coryell, who only last week told the Melody Maker he was reverting to his blues roots, was not billed to appear. He was in London for a solo concert at the Roundhouse on Sunday.

The Garden Party also heralded the breakthrough for the Jess Roden Band.

The big disappointment, however, was Steve Marriott's failure to appear with Dick And The Firemen, an occasional band which featured Boz Burrell and Simon Kirke from Bad Company, keyboard player Tim Hinkley, and drummer Mitch Mitchell.

Promoters Michael Alfandary and Harvey Goldsmith are now planning a second Garden Party, scheduled for September 11.

● Full report, see pages 8 and 9

Lennon wins US battle

JOHN LENNON, who last week won his battle against deportation with the American authorities, may come to Britain for the first time in five years.

He was granted his "green card" last Tuesday in a court hearing in New York. Amongst the witnesses for Lennon were the sculptor Negrelli, film star Gloria Swanson, and the writer Norman Mailer, who called the ex-Beatle "one of the great artists of the Western world."

After the case Lennon told the NME's Chris Charlesworth: "Now I can go and see my relations." Full report — page 5

SEX PISTOLS: no time for elitism . . . their music is beyond considerations of taste and finesse

● Out of the gloriously raucous, uninhibited melee of British punk rock will emerge the musicians to inspire a fourth generation of rockers ●

Punk rock: crucial or phoney? Pages 24/25

Roxy rows

ALTHOUGH Roxy Music have not actually split, at least one member of the band now claims that the band has stopped performing together after internal dissensions.

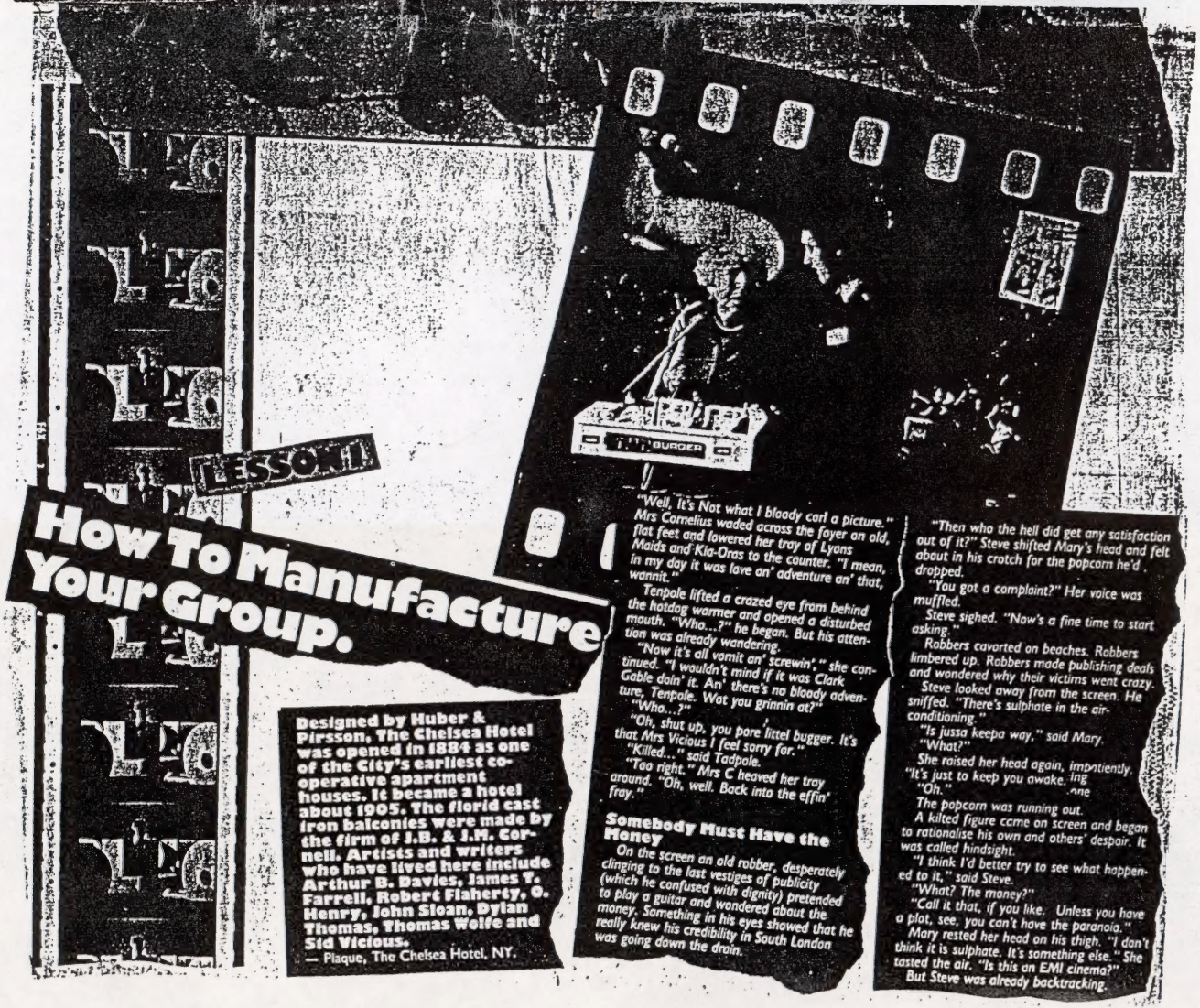
Saxophonist Andy Mackay, in an interview this week with Melody Maker, says that even if Bryan Ferry left, Roxy would still survive. "It wouldn't be the same, but we could always get another vocalist. I've put the last five years into making Roxy a success, and I'm not prepared to sacrifice that over some squabble with Bryan. He doesn't realise he'll never find anyone better to play with than Roxy."

By general agreement, the group will not re-form until Spring 1977 at the earliest.

Mackay, meanwhile, will be working on a new television series of Rock Follies, whose album, for which he wrote the music, went to number one. Ferry has a new solo album out at the end of this year, when he will be touring. And former Roxy member Brian Eno joined guitarist Phil Manzanera at the Reading Festival on August 28.

Interviews with Mackay, Manzanera and Eno page 27.

Die Lektionen sind nicht vollständig, schlecht lesbar und die Bilder sind auch nur schlecht. Aber egal!



LESSON 1

How To Manufacture Your Group.

Designed by Huber & Pirsson, The Chelsea Hotel was opened in 1884 as one of the City's earliest co-operative apartment houses. It became a hotel about 1905. The florid cast iron balconies were made by the firm of J.B. & J.M. Cornell. Artists and writers who have lived here include Arthur B. Davies, James T. Farrell, Robert Flaherty, O. Henry, John Sloan, Dylan Thomas, Thomas Wolfe and Sid Vicious.
— Plaque, The Chelsea Hotel, NY.

"Well, It's Not what I bloody call a picture." Mrs Cornelius waded across the foyer on old, flat feet and lowered her tray of Lyons Maids and Kia-Oras to the counter. "I mean, in my day it was love an' adventure an' that, wannit."

Tenpole lifted a crazed eye from behind the hotdog warmer and opened a disturbed mouth. "Who...?" he began. But his attention was already wandering.

"Now it's all vomit an' screwin'," she continued. "I wouldn't mind if it was Clark Gable dain' it. An' there's no bloody adventure, Tenpole. Wot you grinnin at?"

"Who...?"

"Oh, shut up, you pore littel bugger. It's that Mrs Vicious I feel sorry for."

"Killed..." said Tadpole.

"Too right." Mrs C heaved her tray around. "Oh, well. Back into the effin' fray."

Somebody Must Have the Money

On the screen an old robber, desperately clinging to the last vestiges of publicity (which he confused with dignity) pretended to play a guitar and wondered about the money. Something in his eyes showed that he really knew his credibility in South London was going down the drain.

"Then who the hell did get any satisfaction out of it?" Steve shifted Mary's head and felt about in his crotch for the popcorn he'd dropped.

"You got a complaint?" Her voice was muffled.

Steve sighed. "Now's a fine time to start asking."

Robbers cavorted on beaches. Robbers limbered up. Robbers made publishing deals and wondered why their victims went crazy.

Steve looked away from the screen. He sniffed. "There's sulphate in the air-conditioning."

"Is jussa keepa way," said Mary.

"What?"

She raised her head again, impatiently. "It's just to keep you awake. ing

"Oh."

The popcorn was running out.

A kilted figure came on screen and began to rationalise his own and others' despair. It was called hindsight.

"I think I'd better try to see what happened to it," said Steve.

"What? The money?"

"Call it that, if you like. Unless you have a plot, see, you can't have the paranoia."

Mary rested her head on his thigh. "I don't think it is sulphate. It's something else." She tasted the air. "Is this an EMI cinema?"

But Steve was already backtracking.

Guten Tach Herr RealShock!

Anbei die vorweihnachtliche Überraschung.

kommt von wheinen, Hö, Hö!

Bye

LESSON 2

Establish The Name.

Johnny Rotten, the angelically malevolent Scaramouche, is a third-generation son of rock 'n' roll — the galvanic lead singer of the Sex Pistols. His band play at a hard heart-attacking, frantic pace. And they sing anti-love songs, cynical songs about suburbia and songs about repression, hate and aggression. They have shocked many people. But the band's music has always been true to life as they see it. Which is why they are so wildly popular. The fans love the Sex Pistols and identify with their songs because they know they are about their lives too.

— Virgin Records Publicity. 1977

"Sex and aggro are the best-selling commodities in the world. Everybody's frustrated or angry about something, particularly adolescents."

Frank was having his hair redone to fit in with current trends. "Easy on the Vik, Mary. We don't want to go too far, do we?"

The phone rang. Mary picked it up. Her hand stank of camphor. "Popcorn."

She listened for a moment and giggled. She turned back to Frank. "It's your mum."

"Tell her I'm dead."

"You're about the only one who isn't."

Frank took the greasy receiver.

"Hello, mum. How are you? What can I do for you, then?" He was patronising.

He listened for a while, his expression becoming devoutly earnest. "Yeah."

Rock Around the Clock

Mrs Cornelius flashed her torch around the cinema. "It's filthy in 'ere. You fink they'd do someſing abart it."

Customers began to complain at her. She switched off the torch. "Please yerselves."

She went back into the foyer.

With intense concentration, Tenpole was dissecting a hot dog.

"Found anyfink?" she asked.

"Not a sausage."

"Anybody ring fer me?"

"Ring?"

"Never mind."

She'd done her best to warn Frank. Now it was up to him. Three guardsmen in heavy khaki and caps whose visors hid their eyes, marched into the cinema and bought tickets.

"This had better be good," said one of them threateningly to Tenpole.

"You can't go wrong with sex and pistols."

His mate began to guffaw. They had that smell of stale sweat and over-cantrolled violence common to most soldiers and policemen. It was probably something in the uniform.

Mary began to pack up, but he stopped her. "Okay, mum."

He frowned.

"Okay, mum. Yes. Yes. Look after yourself." He handed the phone back to Mary. "Well, well," he said.

From the other side of his office door his dogs, a mixed pack of Irish Wolfhounds and Alsatians, began to scratch and whine. He sometimes felt they were his only real security. Moved by some impulse he couldn't define, he placed a reluctant hand on Mary's bum.

Sentimental Journeys: The Other Side of the Coin

Steve had managed to reach Tooting. Autumn leaves fell onto the comman. In the distance was what looked like a ruined Swimming Baths. He dipped into his tub of Sweet and Sour Pork and Chips. His fingers were already stained bright orange, as was his entire lower face. Over to his right the road was up. Drills were hammering. He was beginning to feel more relaxed. It was when they put you in the real country that you went to pieces.

Paul was waiting for him behind a large plane tree. "I shouldn't really be talking to you, you cunt."

"Divide and Rule," said Steve. "Aren't we part of the same faction any more?"

"What does Malcolm say?"

"Haven't seen him."

"Or the Record Company."

"They haven't released anything."

"Then it could be okay."

"It could be." Steve offered Paul the tub. The drummer began to eat with eager, twitching fingers.

"I've been trying to make this deal with the devil all day," he complained. "Not a whisper. What you up to then, you bastard?"

"Not a lot."

"Got any money?"

Steve shook his head. "How long you got to stay down here?"

"Another six months. Then I might get remission."

"Play your cards right."

"A bit of spit never hurt anybody. Are you here just to see me?"

"No. I'm looking for a train robber."

"They're difficult to fence, trains."

"You have to have a buyer set up already."

"Things were simpler in the fifties, you know. The poor were poor and the rich were bloody rich. People knew where they stood. I blame it all on rock and roll."

"It was the only way out. Now that doesn't work any more. You think it does. But it doesn't."

"The music goes round and round." Paul farted. "And it comes out here."

Sonic Attack

"A little vomit is a dangerous thing." Miss Brunner tried to smooth a lump in her satin trousers. Her thin hands were agitated, irritable. "There's no point in going for that. Not unless you're going to do it properly. Vomit has to have some meaning, you know."

"What about gobbing," said her eager assistant, Sophie. "Should that stay?"

"Well, it is associated with the band, after all." She sniggered. "Disgusting, really."

"But we have to get into disgust, don't we? Disgust equals the Pistols. Ugly times. You know?"

"But will people be disgusted enough?" This was the constant worry of the publicity department at the moment. "I mean, it's important to associate Sex Pistols with nastiness. They should be synonymous in the public's view."

"True." Miss Brunner touched a finger to a blackened lid. "Should we emphasise the urine angle?"

"Piss-stools," said Sophie. She laughed a high-pitched, artificial laugh. "Rebels with bladder problems?"

"Now you're being facetious. It won't do, Sophie. This is serious. We want the name in every paper by Thursday."

"But the record isn't mixed yet."

"You're not kipping on my floor again, Stevie. Not with your habits. Haven't you got a squat to go to?"

"Where?"

"You're too heavily into bread, Steve. That's your problem. You've really sold out, haven't you? I remember you when you didn't give a shit about money or anything else. What are you really after, Steve? Mummy and Daddy, is it? If you don't like the heat, you should stay out of the kitchen. I look after a lot of people, but I can't look after you all the time. It's killing me. I have to deal with all the hassles, cool out the managements of the venues, pay for the damage..."

He raised a suede arm. "I haven't had more than twelve hours sleep in a week. Pro-f..s? Do you think there are any profits in this business? If so, where are they? Show them to me?"

"They're up your nose, Frankie."

There came a noise from Frank's throat like the sound of an angry baby. Steve recognised it. It was called The Management Wail. It was time to leave.

Public Image

Identity Manipulation Associates (IMA = Whatever You Want Me To Be) had taken over the old Soho offices. Steve was beginning to feel a little flakey around the edges. He'd started off thinking this was a caper: a time-filler. Now, what with one thing and another, it was beginning to feel like an obsession.

"I've had enough of obsessions." He felt the old call to retreat, to get some air. "On the other hand, this might not be one. It could just be ordinary."

He opened the door and went into the lobby. A young woman looked up at him from threatened brown eyes. "Can I help you?"

"I was wondering about the money. Did Malcolm...?"

"We only do identities here. The money comes later."

"Is there anyone I could see?"

"They're all in meetings. Are you a performer?"

"I..."

She became sympathetic and far less wary. Steve was no-one to be afraid of. She spoke softly. "They won't be back this afternoon, love. What do you play?"

"I think it's Scrabble, but I'm not sure."

"Magic!"

He was plodding off again.

Adapted For The Market: Finally It's The Movie

The permanently depressed tones of Malcolm McLaren, doing his best to make some sense of his impulses, could be heard on the other side of the doors.

Steve pushed his way through. There were no pictures, only a soundtrack. The little room was dark, but somewhere in it lawyers and accountants shuffled and whispered. "Why is everybody so unhappy?"

"Sometimes it's all you've got left of your adolescent enthusiasm," said Steve. He began to giggle.

"Were you ever talented?" Aggressive, self-protecting, attempting condescension, a lawyer spoke.

"Did you deliberately set out to shock?"

"I don't know," said Steve. "I don't read the papers any more."

"Have you just come from Highgate?"

"That's an idea."

"It's the image that's important, isn't it?" This was an upper-class woman's voice.

"So they say."

Bodies were coming closer. "Well, ta ta."

"Ta ta."

Swallowing Your Own Bullshit

Steve waded into the mud. He was not quite certain what lay on the other side of the vast building site. He wasn't sure why he was trying to get to South London. A helicopter came in low, seeming to be observing him. He looked up. "Malcolm?"

A voice began to sing My Way through a loud hailer.

It was beginning to feel like victimisation, or a haunting. That energy was going. Or maybe it had already gone and that was what he was looking for.

All he'd wanted was a bit of this and that. Some peace and quiet. Some fun. Everybody was going crazy. He hated the lot of them. Why couldn't they leave him alone? Why couldn't he leave them alone?

He was dying for a crap.

He cast about for an anchor. About five feet away the back wheel of a new Honda could be seen, sticking out of the mud, as if the rider had tried to make it across this no-man's-land and failed.

Steve blinked. "Sid?"

What the hell did it matter, anyway?

Sulphate Heaven

The room was full of heavy metal. In one corner about fifteen old hippies were wondering where it had all gone, while in the opposite corner fifteen punks were wondering where it was all going. Steve stood in the middle.

"Anybody want a fight?"

A few eyes flickered, then faded again. Wired faces tried to move.

It was a musician's graveyard. They existed as far apart as Streatham and Kensal Rise. They had served their turn. Many of them had even shown a profit.

Helen of Troy came in. "Blimey." She rattled her box.

"Line-up, lads," said Steve. "The lady's got the blues."

"Been to Highgate yet?" she asked him.

"Is there any point?"

"Not a lot."

"I'm on my way," he said.

New Recruits in the Psychic Wars

"As long as we all believe in the New Jerusalem," said Helen of Troy, having trouble with her Knickerbocker Glory, "we stay together. And as long as we stay together, we can all believe the same thing. And if we can all believe the same thing long enough, we can believe for a while that we've made it come true. We all have to be a bit over the top. But when some silly bastard goes well over the top, that rocks the boat. The trouble with Johnny, for instance, was that he wouldn't bloody well stay in uniform. And after Malcolm had gone to all that bother, too."

"I wouldn't know abart any o' that, love." Mrs Cornelius waved away the offer of a bit of jelly and icecream on a long spoon. "Can't stand the stuff. I 'ave ter carry it arahnd orl bleedin' day, don't I?"

They sat together on red vinyl and chrome stools at the bar. Behind them was a big plate glass window. Behind that was the traffic; the Beautiful People of the Kings Road in their elegant bondagerie. Dandyism always degenerated into fashion.

Helen of Troy was having trouble getting to the bottom of her Glory. Her arms were too short. Mrs C. tilted the glass. "Pore fing. There you go." She laughed. "Didn't mean ter interfere, love." She glanced out of the window.

From the direction of Sloane Square a mob was moving. It was difficult to make out what it consisted of.

"Skinheads," said Mrs C. "Or Mods, is it? Or them Rude Boys? Or is that ther same?"

"Divide and Rule," said Helen of Troy. "Divide and Rule. And that's the first lesson in the management of rock and roll bands."

"Oh, well, they all do that, don't they." Mrs C. squinted up the street. "Blimey, it's a load of effin' actors. Innit?"

The mob was dressed in 18th century costumes. "'Highwaymen?"

"Nostalgia hasn't been such a positive force since the Romantic Revival."

"'Ippies, yer mean?"

"The Past and the Future — they'll get you every time."

"I know wot you mean, love." Mrs C. picked up her handbag. "Stick to ther Present. I orlways said so, an' I bloody orlways will. I've met some funny bastards in me time. Lookin' backwards; lookin' bloody forwards. It's un'ealthy. Nar. Ther future's orl we fuckin' got, innit?"

"And it doesn't do you any harm."

The mob was carrying effigies of four young men. Over loudspeakers came the sounds of Malcolm McLaren singing You Need Hands. The mob began to growl in unison.

"I've seen 'em come an' I've seen 'em go." Mrs C. shook her head. "An' it'll end in tears every time. Wot good does it do?"

"It stops you getting bored," said Helen of Troy. "Some of the time, anyway."

The effigies were being tossed on a tide of angry shoulders.

"You can get 'em attackin' anyfink, can't yer." Mrs C. was amused. "Give 'em a slipper ter worry 'an they won't bother you."

"The Sex Pistols were the best thing that ever happened for British politics at a very dodgy moment in their career." Helen of Troy reached her money up to the girl at the till. "Or so we like to think. But no bloody B.O.s or whatever they are for them. Divide and Rule, Mrs C. And up goes your Ego."

"I 'ope this doesn't mean they've stopped ther bloody buses again." Mrs Cornelius looked at the clock over the bar. "I'm due for work at one."

"They still showin that picture?"

"It's really good business."

"I think Malcolm McLaren is the Sir Robert Boothby of his generation, don't you?" Helen got to the exit first and pushed on one of the doors.

"Well, 'e's no bloody Svengali, an' that's for sure."

"He did identify with the product..."

"'E should 'ave bought an Alsatian. They're easier to train."

A young man in a trilby and a dark trenchcoat went past them in a hurry.

"That's Steve." Helen of Troy pulled on her jacket. "He still thinks there's a solution to all this. Or at least a resolution."

"It's one o' ther nice fings abart 'im." Mrs C. directed a look of tolerant pity at his retreating back.

"The trouble with messed up love affairs," said Helen of Troy, "is that you waste so much time going to the source of the pain and asking it to make you better."

"'E'll learn. You on'y got yerself ter blame in the end." Mrs Cornelius saw that the mob had parted to allow a convoy of No. 11 buses through. "I'd better 'op on one o' these while I've still got ther chance."

"The ultimate business of management is not just to divide your group but to divide their minds. The more you fuck with their judgement, the more you control them. It's like being married, really." Helen of Troy waved to Mrs C's lumbering figure as it launched itself towards the bus.

"Don't let 'em piss on yer, dear." Mrs C. reached the platform. "Just becos yore short."

"You can only manage what you create yourself. The trouble with people is that they will keep breaking out. It almost cost poor Malcolm his health."

The mob was beginning to split up. Fights were starting between different factions. Cocked hats flew.

"After all," said Helen, deciding to shadow Steve, "someone has to take the blame. But you can bet your chains we won't have anarchy in the UK in our lifetime. Just the usual bloody chaos."

What Do You Need?

"Role models make Rolls Royces. [illegible] for heroes. But it doesn't do to let eith[illegible] audiences or the artists get out of contro[illegible] or you stand to lose the profit. It's true in all forms of showbusiness, but it's particularly important in the record industry."

Frank Cornelius lay back in his Executive Comfort Mark VI leather swiveller and wondered if it would be going too far if he waved his unlit cigar.

"What can I do for you, Stevie?" His eyes, wasted by a thousand indulgences, moved like worms in his skull.

"I was wondering what happened to the money." Steve unbuttoned his trenchcoat, looking around at the images of rock singers in various classic poses, emulating the stars of Westerns and War films except they had guitars instead of rifles.

"It hardly existed." Frank put his cigar to his awful lips. "Well, I mean, it's real enough in the mind. And I suppose that's the main thing. What are you selling me, Stevie? Thinking of going solo? This company's small, but it's keen. We really identify with the kids. Can you play your guitar yet? Don't worry if you can't. It's one of the easiest skills in the world to learn."

"What happened to the money, Frank."

"Don't look at me. Malcolm had it."

"He says you had it."

"I haven't made a penny, personally, in six months. It's all gone on expenses. Do you know how much it costs to keep an act on the road?"

"Where's the money?" Steve himself was beginning to lose his thread. Frank's responses were too familiar to keep anyone's attention for long, including his own.

"Gone in advances, probably. Ask Malcolm, not me. I only became a director towards the end. For legal reasons."

"Where's Malcolm?"

"Who knows where Malcolm is. Does Malcolm know where Malcolm is? Is he Malcolm? What is Malcolm, anyway?"

Steve frowned. "Give me an address, Frank."

You mustn't let it get you down.
HOW TO MANUFACTURE
YOUR GROUP

SEX PISTOLS

"PERSONNEL"

MALCOLM McLAREN

DER MANAGER DER PISTOLS. EIN AUSGEKOCHTER BURSCHE, DER FRÜHER DIE NEW YORK DOLLS BETREUTE.

JOHNNY ROTTEN

DER SÄNGER. ER FLOG VON EINER KATHOLISCHEN SCHULE, WEIL ER ALS ROCKER DURCH DIE GEGEND LIEF.

STEVE JONES

DER GITARRIST. FÄNGT AN, FETT ZU WERDEN. SANG AUCH, BIS ER MERKTE, DASS ER'S NICHT KANN.

SID VICIOUS

DER STRUWELPETER AM BASS. NIEMAND WEISS, WIE HOCH ER SEINE WURSTFINGER VERSICHERT HAT.

PAUL COOK

TROMMLER UND MAUERBLÜMCHEN DER GRUPPE.

GLEN MATLOCK

DER EHEMALIGE BASSIST. NUN BEI DEN RICH KIDS. FÜR IHN KLINGEN DIE PISTOLS HEUTE WIE DIE MONKEES...

Das Jahr 1975 ist noch recht jung, als Malcolm Mc Laren, ehemals Manager der New York Dolls, in seiner Londoner Sex-Boutique einen blendenden Einfall hat. Nebenan quält nämlich eine Nachwuchsgruppe ihre Instrumente mit alten Hits aus den sechziger Jahren. Was sie zu ihrem Glück noch braucht, ist ein anständig unanständiger Sänger. Den aber kennt McLaren...

In dem Sex-Laden hängt nämlich immer der verrottete Johnny rum, und dem gefällt die ganze Sache gut. Er klinkt sich an eine Musicbox und trainiert fleißig seine sogenannte Stimme. Damit sind die Sex Pistols geboren. Die Musiker sind schon bald nicht mehr zu bremsen, prügeln in jeder freien Minute ihre Instrumente und beherrschen im Nu drei Akkorde. McLaren wird ihr Manager.

Der gute Malcolm flüstert den Pistols ein paar heiße Tips für ein umwerfendes Image in die Ohren und das Unheil nimmt prompt seinen Lauf: Im November 1975 treten die vier Pistolen zum ersten Mal öffentlich auf. Das Publikum zeigt sich von seiner charmantesten Seite, kann die Rotten-Gang aber nicht dazu überreden, ihre vielversprechende Karriere gleich wieder aufzugeben.

Die Pistols spielen wie vom Teufel besessen, wo immer sie eine schäbige Bühne finden. Anarcho-Johnny läßt seine Augen aus dem Kopf fallen, und der kleinen Verstärkeranlage bleibt nichts erspart. Eine treue Gefolgschaft wächst heran und pilgert brav von einem Pistolen-Konzert zum anderen. Der Untergrund unter den Yes- und Floyd-Denkmälern beginnt zu wanken.

Die Pop-Schickeria und die Club-Besitzer haben es wahrlich nicht leicht mit Karotten-Johnny und seinem Anhang. Stühle fliegen...

Nach dem Rausschmiß aus dem renommierten „Marquee" finden die Pistolen im „100 Club" eine neue Bleibe. Ein paar nichtsahnende Programmgestalter holen sie sogar in britische Fernsehen. Johnny Verrottet gibt auf normale Fragen indes unnormale Antworten.

Niemand versteht, daß die Pistols nicht geil auf einen Rolls Royce sind. Unterdessen schlägt sich der wilde Johnny die Zähne ein...

Im September 76 schwimmen die Pistols nach Frankreich und verblüffen mit ihrem perfekten Hochfranzösisch. Und dann schlägt die Bombe ein: Sie erhalten von EMI einen Plattenvertrag. Arme, unwissende EMI...

Die Popularität der Sex Pistols wächst immer rascher. Ihre Fans allerdings sind verrufen: wilde Gesellen mit Verbrechervisagen, die nach Auskunft der allwissenden englischen Boulevard-Zeitungen vor nichts zurückschrecken. Das Ende von Britannia naht, so scheint es.

Selbst der bauernschlaue Malcolm McLaren hat in den Anfangstagen der Pistols wohl nicht geahnt, welch eine Attraktion seine Schützlinge für die Medien sind: Im Fernsehen animiert man sie, unflätige Flüche auszustoßen, und die Journalisten verbraten den Skandal dann genüßlich in ihren Blättern. Überhaupt sind die Zeitungen immer dabei: „Lausiger Punk kotzt auf dem Flughafen" dichten sie z.B.

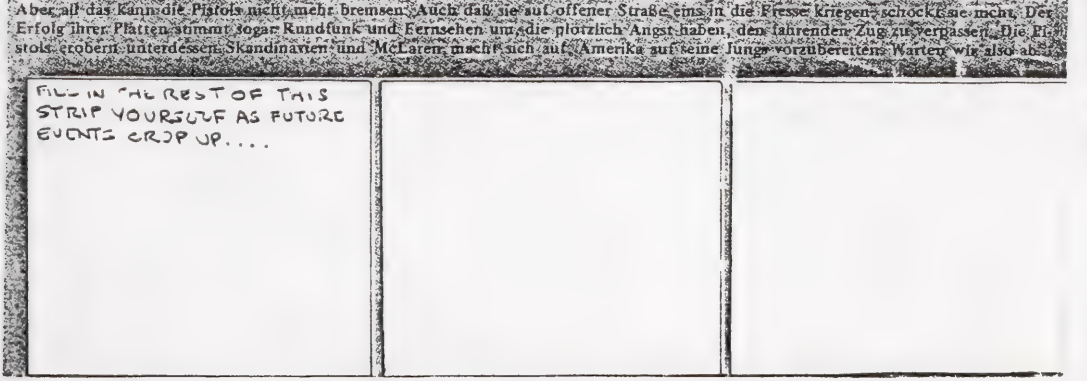
Die Folgen ständiger Berieselung mit Schauergeschichten bleiben nicht aus: Eine große Pistols-Tour durch Großbritannien muß zur Hälfte wieder abgesagt werden. Die Manager der Konzerthallen zittern vor Angst wie Espenlaub. Und brave Bürger wollen dem Treiben der Pistols nicht länger untätig zusehen. „Anarchy", die erste Single, kommt auf die schwarze Liste und läuft nicht im Rundfunk.

Auch bei den Pistols knirscht es: Baßmann Glen Matlock steigt aus. Es geht das Gerücht, seine Mami habe ihm verboten, mit dem verrotteten Johnny und seinen Freunden weiterhin zu spielen... Glücklicherweise denken nicht alle Mütter so, und ein neuer Bassist wird gefunden: Sid Vicious. Und noch was passiert: Die EMI schmeißt die Pistols raus, A&M holt sie rein...

Auch bei A&M wird man allerdings nicht glücklich mit den Sex Pistols. Nach einigen wenigen Tagen feuert die Company sie wieder raus. Die Pistols fragen sich, wem sie das alles wohl zu verdanken haben: Dem TV-Moderator Bill Grundy, der sie öffentlich fluchen ließ? Oder dem Musikjournalisten Giovanni Dadamo vom „New Musical Express", der ihr Leben ständig ins Rampenlicht zerrt?

Egal — Virgin Records lassen sich nicht schocken, nehmen die Pistols unter Vertrag und veröffentlichen anstelle von A&M die Single „God Save The Queen", die schnell Nummer 1 in den Hitlisten wird. Weil das Leben plötzlich wieder weitergeht, feiert die Pistols auf einem Boot auf der Themse eine große Party. Darauf hat die Polizei nur gewartet: Sie räuchert den ganzen Laden samt Gäste aus.

Aber all das kann die Pistols nicht mehr bremsen. Auch daß sie auf offener Straße eins in die Fresse kriegen, schockt sie nicht. Der Erfolg ihrer Platten stimmt sogar Rundfunk und Fernsehen um, die plötzlich Angst haben, den fahrenden Zug zu verpassen. Die Pistols erobern unterdessen Skandinavien und McLaren macht sich auf, Amerika auf seine lange vorzubereitete Warten wie also ab...



LESSON 1

How To Diversify Your Business.

JULIAN TEMPLE (DIRECTOR) Went to Cambridge University "For the same reasons as one applies for an American Express Card". Attended National Film School "so that I didn't have to wait 20 years to be able to do something". The Great Rock 'N' Roll Swindle was his graduation film. Since then he has made Punk Can Take It, featuring the UK Subs and narrated by John Snagge, who once declared the end of World War II on BBC Radio and ghosted for Churchill's speeches while it was still on.

— Virgin Publicity, 1980

The last of the musician-assassins was crawling along rooftops overlooking Portobello Road.

He was looking for his airship. He was certain he'd left it in the vicinity of Vernon's Yard.

"Bugger," he muttered. "Oh, bugger."

He was not feeling at one with himself.

Every so often a demonic grin, a memory, crossed his poor, ravaged face.

"Why am I always getting mixed up with bloody bands? What's happened to my complicated vocabulary of ideas? Why do I prefer rock and roll?"

It was familiar stuff to him.

Flies clustered around a faded chimney stack, rising as he groped.

"Monica?" His mind cast about for any anchor. "Mum?"

His cuban heels scraped slate. Something fell away from him and smashed in the street. The sun was rising.

He drew a scratched single from the pocket of his black car coat and put it close to his eyes, studying it as if it were a map.

He was crying.

The flies hissed rhythmically. A stuck needle. He held on to the chimney, pulling himself up, his feet slipping.

There had to be something better than this.

The Uncertain Ego

"Passion feeds passion and then we are left with a small death." Mr Bug's representative was trying to comfort Miss Brunner.

She stared at the strangled corpse.

A young man in a trenchcoat and a trilby stepped backwards.

"Is anyone really dying?" she asked. "Or are we all just very tired?"

"Some of you are really dying, I'm afraid." Mr Bug's representative plucked at his mouth-tube. "Time is Time, no matter how much you struggle against it."

"Then we're done for."

"I haven't come to any conclusions about that." He was apologetic. "I'm honestly only an observer."

"You've interfered."

"I've taken an interest. It's the best I can offer."

Miss Brunner shrugged him away.

A whistle blew.

"I'm getting off this train," she said.

Mr Bug's representative made a peculiar gesture with his right glove.

"There'll be another one along in a minute."

Difficult Love

Very sluggishly, the airship was lifting.

The last of the musician-assassins lay spreadeagled on the floor of the gondola. A faint tape was playing Silly Thing.

"It's what the public wanted," murmured the assassin. "Or at least some of them. I did my best. It was good while it lasted."

The ship gently bumped against a church steeple. He pulled himself to a window. He recognised Powys Square. There was a bonfire.

Something bit at his groin.

He scratched.

Framed against the flames, a tartan-clad figure and a dwarf were dancing.

"I think I'm missing all the fun again," said the assassin.

He switched on his engine.

It faltered. It was apologetic.

He tried again.

Something clicked.

The Laughing Policeman

"We're going to have to split up," said Miss Brunner firmly. Her colleagues had revived enough to get off the train and sit, shaking, on the platform seat.

"I think I have already," said Frank.

"You mean diversify, don't you?" Bishop Beesley wrenched a wrapper off a Mars.

"Disintegrate?" said Frank, thinking of himself as usual.

Miss Brunner had recovered a bit of her composure.

"McLaren is the only one who will know how to deal with all this. So much of it is his fault."

"Oh, come on," said Frank. "We were partners. Malcolm's as decent as the rest of us underneath. He pretends to be a revolutionary, but he's really just an ordinary young man on the way up."

Miss Brunner shook her head. "In different ways, Mr Cornelius, you're as gullible as your brother. We're facing a genuine attempt to take power."

"The Pistols."

"Of course not, you idiot. You very rarely get that sort of trouble from the musicians. They want different things, most of them. Subtler things."

"The Pistols want subtler things." Bishop Beesley appeared to be trying to recondition his mind.

"That's hard to believe," said Frank.

Miss Brunner yawned and glanced away. "At least they're all good looking."

"I haven't been well," said Frank. "What's this about breaking up?"

"Diversifying," said Bishop Beesley.

There was a peculiar lack of noise around the station. The train had long-since pulled away.

"Splitting up," she said. "To find them."

"Who?" said Frank. He watched a butterfly settle on the track.

"Anyone," she said.

"Divide and Rule," said Bishop Beesley. "Where in hell are we, anyway?"

He began to snore.

Miss Brunner peered into the countryside. "Is that real, do you think? It's such a long time since I've been anywhere."

Familiar Air

"There must have been something in the marketing," said Steve. He stood in the deserted office complex holding a phone without a lead. "Badges and that. T-shirts."

"There's a lot to be made from marketing," agreed Helen of Troy. "Posters. Programmes. People get a good profit off all that. Special books."

"Masks. Sweets."

"Tie up marketing and it's far less hassle than actually managing a band," said Helen. She had seen it all. "Often a better turnover. And there are no people to get in the way and spoil things."

"Maybe the marketing company could pay me wages."

"Ah, well. It's a separate organisation, you see. They would if they could. But they have their accounts."

"Maybe I should look at their accounts."

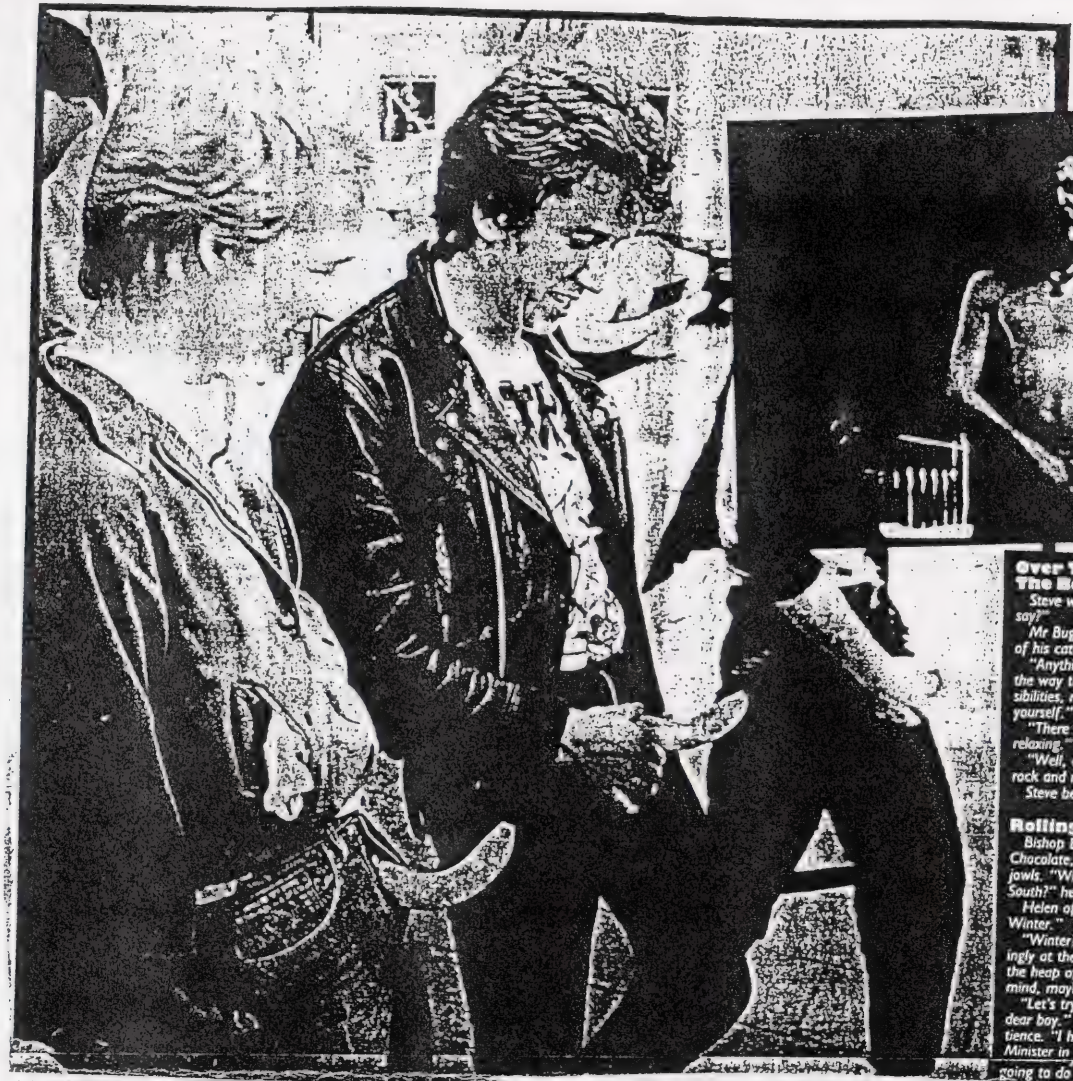
"Only accountants understand accounts. You need an accountant to check it for you."

"A lawyer?"

"A lawyer and an accountant's what you need."

"To keep an eye on the manager?"

"It isn't as simple as that, Steve."



Over The Top And Under The Bottom

Steve wriggled. "What do you want me to say?"

Mr Bug's representative stroked the fronds of his cat-o'-nine-tails over his own rubber.

"Anything you like, sweetheart. Isn't this the way to relax? No personal responsibilities, no anxieties? Just lie back and enjoy yourself."

"There must be other methods of relaxing."

"Well, dearie, you could always join a rock and roll band."

Steve began to scream.

Rolling In The Ruins

Bishop Beesley bit off half a Crunchie bar. Chocolate, like old blood, already stained his jowls. "Why is everyone suddenly going South?" he asked.

Helen of Troy shook her head. "Maybe it's Winter."

"Winter?" Frank Cornelius looked unblinkingly at the sun which was just visible over the heap of dodgems. "Some winter of the mind, maybe."

"Let's try and steer clear of abstractions, dear boy." The bishop spoke with soft impatience. "I have a meeting with the Prime Minister in just over an hour. What are we going to do about this, if anything? I mean is

"Are you a virgin, love?" The voice was greasy with sentiment.

"It depends where you mean."

"Enjoy life while you can, darling. This whole place is due to go up in a few hours. Insurance."

"Aren't the tapes all here?"

"Every single copy, my beauty."

"They must be worth something."

"They're worth more if they're destroyed. Didn't you ever realise that. The harder things are to get, the more valuable they are. If they don't exist at all, they become infinitely valuable."

"Is that a fact. Tee hee."

"There, darling. You are ticklish."

"Tee hee."

"Did you want to see Mr Bug?"

"Mr Bug anything like you?"

"I'm only his representative. I'm an amateur compared to him."

"Then I'm not sure I want to see him. Can I go home now?"

"And where's home?"

"I suppose you've got a point." Steve lay back on the desk. He might as well get the most out of this.

Mr Bug's representative's breath hissed within his mask. "Now you're really going to make a record."

He reached for a large jar of vapour rub.

Punk Disc Is Terrible Says EMI Chief

The black flag was flying over the Nashville Rooms. There must have been another temporary seizure of power. Outside in the street groups of hardcore punks, lookalikes for most of the Sex Pistols in their heyday, scrawled A on every available surface. They weren't sure what it meant but they knew they had to do it.

Nestor Makhno rode up in his buggy. He had never been much of a horseman since his foot was wounded. His woolly hat was falling over his eyes. The rest of his anarchist Cossacks looked as worn-out as he did. Their ponies were old and hardly able to stand.

"I think we might be too late." Makhno guided the buggy round to the side entrance. From inside came the sound of chanting. "Is this what we fought Trotsky for?"

One of his lieutenants fired a ghostly pistol into the air. Its sound was faint, and drowned by the noise from within. "Comrades!"

"They can't hear us," said Makhno. "Is this what we all died for?"

"It's an attack on the symptoms, not the disease," cried a Cossack dutifully from the rear. "Comrades, the disease lies within yourself, and so does the cure. Be free!"

With a shrug, Makhno tugged at the reins of the buggy and led his men away. "Ah well. It was worth a try."

"Where to now?" asked one of the Cossacks.

"Camden Town. We'll try The Music Machine."

You Never Listen To A Word I Say

Something was collapsing.

Miss Brunner plucked at her hair and blouse.

"The more childish you are, the more you score. Throw enough tantrums and they'll pay anything to get rid of you."

Frank looked wildly about. "Are you sure this place is safe?"

"Safe enough."

He lay tucked up in bed surrounded by Snow White and the Seven Dwarves wallpaper, Paddington Bear decals, Oz and Rupert books.

"I can hear a sort of breaking up sound. Can't you?"

"It's in your mind," she said. "How much should we invest, do you think, in that new band?"

"We haven't got any money."

"Neither have they."

"Then it's all a bit in the air, isn't it?"

"Big money still exists, in big companies. It just takes a bit of winkling out."

"No," said Frank. "No more. I've been warned off. I'm frightened. The City is involved. They can do things to you.

"Mr Bug has scared the shit out of you, Frank."

"How did you know about the shit?"

The Fucking Rotter

The former Johnny Rotten tried to focus on Nestor Makhno as best he could. The little Ukrainian was almost wholly transparent now.

"Don't you think we can do it through music?"

"Persuade the public," said Makhno thinly. "We had an education train. But do they ever know that the power rests in them?"

"They never seem to want it."

"They don't want responsibility."

"And that's why managers exist."

"I'll be seeing you..." said Makhno, fading.

"That's more than I can say for you."

The former Johnny Rotten reached for his Kropotkin. Maybe it could still work. Maybe it was already working on some level.

"I thought we were avoiding distractions," said Miss Brunner.

From within an abandoned Ghost Train car, Steve's weak voice said: "I told them nothing."

"You've nothing to tell them, you horrible little oik." The Bishop sighed. "I think we're in a poor position, Mr Cornelius."

"Somebody turned the power off," said Steve vaguely.

The wind drummed against the hollow metal of the fairground debris.

City Lights

The Cossacks, by now hardly visible even to one another, had reached The Rainbow and were surrounding it. Their black flag had turned to a faint grey. They were getting despondent.

Determinedly, they rode their horses into the venue, able to pass through the audience as if they did not exist. On stage Queen were displaying the virtues of production over talent. Thousands of pounds worth of equipment was manipulated to produce the desired effect. It was a tribute to technology.

Makhno cried into the empty megawatts: "Brothers and Sisters! Brothers and Sisters!"

A young man with longish hair and a 'No Nukes' T-shirt turned, then raised his fist at the stage.

"Freedom!" he cried.

The volume began to rise.

Will The Sex Pistols Be Tomorrow's Beatles?

Back at the Café Hendrix Nestor Makhno took a long drink from his bottle of absinthe. He was shaking his head.

"Didn't you like any of the gigs?" asked Sid.

"I didn't see anything I liked. At first I'd hoped — you know, the audiences..." Makhno fell back in his chair. "But there was nothing there for us to do."

"Don't despair," said Shelley, "there's a rumour the Sex Pistols are going to reform. After all, they're more popular now than they ever were."

Dead Loyal

Mrs Cornelius stuck her neck through her strap. "Ter tell yer the truth, Tenpole, I'm glad ter be back at me regular job. 'Ow's business?"

"Who?" said Tenpole.

"Not 'oo — wot." She flashed her torch on and off. "Somebody's got ter earn a livin'."

She paused at the door of the auditorium. "O' course, it's in troubled times like these, people see a good picture, don't they?"

"Killed," said Tenpole.

"Oh, yeah. That, too."

Before she could go through, Mr Bug's representative entered.

"Everything all right here?"

"Loverly," she said. She had never liked the look of him.

"Plenty of stock?"

"Ask Tenpole."

"Any more handcuffs? Whips? Lengths of chain?"

"We're orl right for most o' that, far as I know," she said. "But it's Tenpole does the stock, doncher, love?"

"We've got to look after the housewives," said Mr Bug's representative. "Can't have them getting bored, can we?"

Mrs Cornelius frowned at him. He seemed to be attempting a joke.

"Are you the usual fellah?" she asked.

"I'm filling in for him."

"You 'aven't — I mean, it's not a takeover, or suffink?"

"Just a change of territory. It'll all settle back to normal soon. Are you sure you don't need any more gags?"

Mrs Cornelius tittered. "Not if they're anyfink like ther last one."

Mr Bug's representative didn't get it.

"What do you need?" he said. "You must need some replacements."

"New feet," said Mrs Cornelius, "would be nice."

He looked at her shoes.

"Something elegant in rubber?"

She turned back towards the doors.

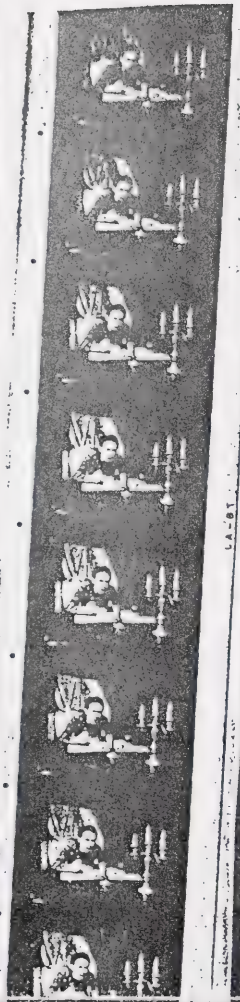
"I've got them in the car."

"It's no good," she told him. "I 'ave ter rely on the National 'Ealth."

"Business is bad all round at the moment, even in entertainment. I remember when you couldn't go wrong in entertainment, so long as there was plenty of crisis and stuff. Cash from Chaos, eh?"

"Chaos?"

"It's not the same as entropy. Not super-



Voices In The Night

The airship was drifting over the debris near the river. People had already set up stalls and were selling various souvenirs: bits of ship, parts of planes, twisted singles.

The assassin could hear their voices.

"Get yer genuine Prince Philip bandages."

"Johnny Rotten's safety pins. All authentic."

"Fresh Corgi!"

Not a lot had changed.

He watched the shadow of his own ship as it passed over the ruins, over the dirty water, over the collapsed bridges.

He was feeling more depressed than ever.

"I need..." he murmured. "I need..."

But his memory was failing again. He had seen too many alternatives. All the directions were screwed up. All the pasts and all the futures. They rarely seemed to make a decent present, which was only what he'd been aiming for. A bit of relief. But Time resisted manipulation, finally.

"Time's a killer," he said. He tried to turn up his volume, but the music remained a whisper.

With an effort he moved the wheel and set a course for what had once been Derry and Tom's Famous Roof Garden. Now it was some sort of posh nightclub. He had relinquished his interest in 19—.

He had all but relinquished his interest in the 20th century.

He checked his instruments.

"There's never a World War Three around when you need one."

Please Leave The State In The Toilet In Which You Would Wish To Find It

Sid had lost another game of pool at the Café Hendrix. He went over to a window seat and looked out into the grey mist of eternity.

"I don't think it's going to clear up," said Alfred, Lord Byron, arm in arm with Gene Vincent. They had been having a medical boot race. "Don't mope, lad. You didn't do so badly. And think of all those Sid Is Innocent badges they won't be able to sell now."

"What about all the Sid Sun Lives badges they will be able to sell?"

"There's a lot more money in death, these days, than there was when I coughed it," said Shelley. "Although it didn't do any harm to the poetry sales. Just think what they could have done for me! I did get a funeral pyre, though, and all that. Shelley posters would have

Jesus came over, chewing on a toothpick. "I've never had any problems," he said. "My marketing's been going strong for a couple of thousand years. Gets better all the time. But then none of you were crucified, were you."

"Don't listen to him, the snob," Oscar Wilde put his hand in Sid's lap. "You still on for that game of skittles?"

"You have to aim for universal appeal," said Jesus. "And that means your middle classes, I'm afraid. Without them, you'll never do it."

"Sid didn't understand that, did you Sid?" said Nestor Makhno. "And neither did I. And neither would I want to."

"I did it my way," said Sid. "I think."

Grumbling Bums

Miss Brunner sighed with pleasure. "What a terrible trip. I'm glad to be home."

"We achieved nothing," Frank complained.

"Not true, darling. We found out certain things by a process of elimination."

"It was a wildgoose chase."

"It was a field trip. Trust me, darling." She stroked her CRYPTIK. "We'll just feed in what we know and then run another complete programme. Be a good boy, Frank, and put the kettle on."

Bishop Beesley said: "You still think we might be able to get the concessions."

"We've the experience and the knowhow. Show me a product, bishop, and I'll show you a profit in a very short while. How have I managed to stay in business so long? We'll need a few ideas to show McLaren."

"But we can't find him. No-one can find him."

"Wait until he hears what we have to show him."

"You're an incurable optimist, Miss Brunner," said Bishop Beesley. He began to force a chocolate orange into his mouth.

Remixing

The assassin opened the door and manhandled the bomb out.

He watched it sail down towards the new estate opposite Rough Trade in Kensington Park Road.

It landed with a clang in the street. People began to come out of their doors and look at it.

Faces stared up at the last of the musician-assassins. He spread his hands.

"Sorry."

"Is it a dud?" shouted the grocer.

"I was told it would go off." The assassin shrugged. "Win a few and lose a few, eh?"

this person. "I'm having a spot of trouble with my tubes. It's hard to remain attached. Do you find that?"

"Ask bleedin' Alice in bleedin' Wonderbloodyland," said Mrs Cornelius. She sniffed. "Blimey! You don't arf pong."

"Ping," said Tenpole.

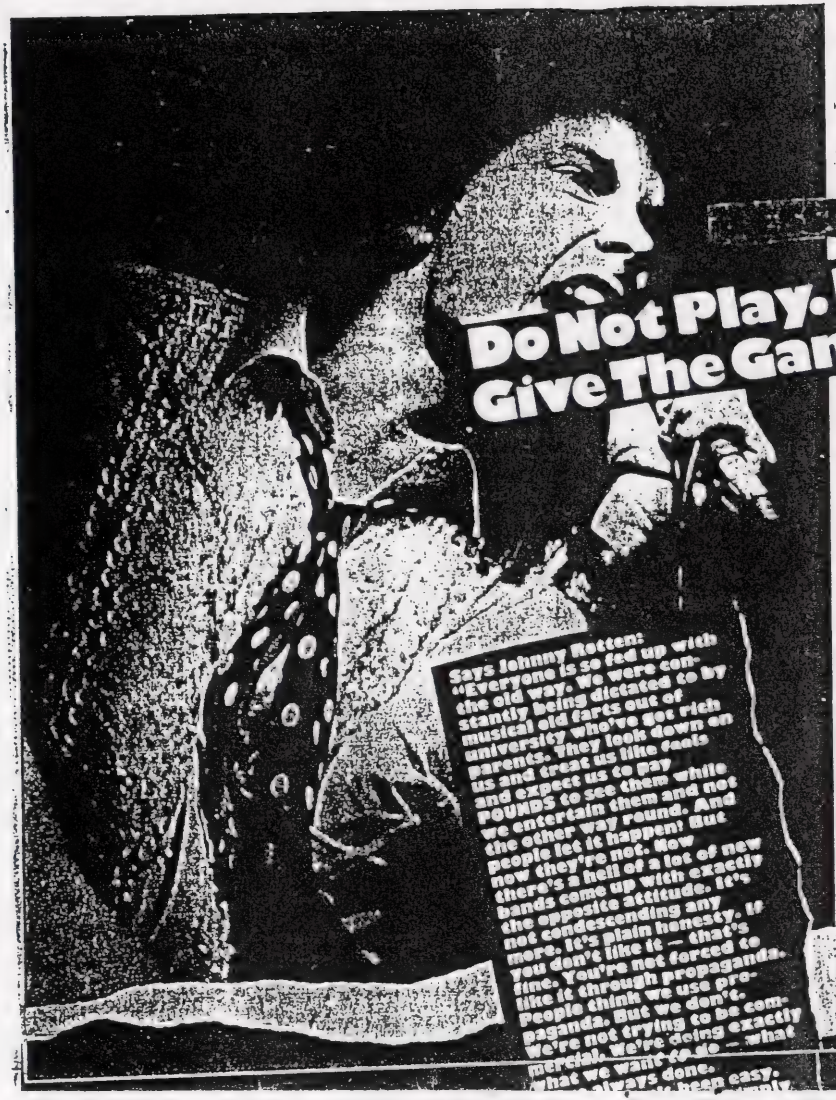
Mr Bug's representative slouched away. "Everything's rotting."

"You could've fooled me. You're enough to give ther fuckin' 'otdogs a bad name. An' that's sayin' somefink."

She backed through the doors with her tray.

On the screen they were shooting extras.

"What a lovely bit of fragmentation."



Do Not Play. Do Not Give The Game Away.

Says Johnny Rotten: "Everyone is so fed up with the old way. We were constantly being dictated to by musical old farts out of university who've got rich parents. They look down on us and treat us like fools and expect us to pay POUNDS to see them while we entertain them and not the other way round. And people let it happen! But now they're not. Now there's a hell of a lot of new bands come up with exactly the opposite attitude. It's not condescending any more. It's plain honesty. If you don't like it — that's fine. You're not forced to like it through propaganda. People think we use propaganda. But we don't. We're not trying to be commercial. We're doing exactly what we want to do — what what we always done. ... it been easy. ... unity.

The city was black. Through black smoke shone a dim orange sun. The canal was still, smeared with flotsam. From Harrow Road came the sound of a single donkey engine, like a dying heartbeat. Overhead, on train bridge and motorway, carriages and trucks were unmoving. It seemed everything had stopped to watch the figure in the dark trenchcoat and trilby as he paused beside the canal and peered through the oily water as if through a glass.

A fly, ailing and lost, tried to buzz around his head. Slowly the traffic began to move again. From behind a pillar Helen of Troy emerged, hurrying on little legs towards him.

"You feeling any better, Steve?"

"You let me down, Helen."

"I didn't have any choice."

Steve did not resent her. "How's that little wanker Frank?"

"Going through a bit of a crisis, I gather."

He'd better look after his bloody kneecaps." "That's the least of his worries."

Steve looked away from the water and back towards the half-built housing estate. "It used to be all slums round here," he said nostalgically. "Now look at it."

"You've got over your own spot of bother, then? You've stopped looking for the money."

"I think so. But I'm still looking."

"For what?"

"I dunno. A solution to the mystery."

"The mystery goes on forever. There's never a solution. There isn't even a cure."

"We'll see."

"Why are you here?"

"Said I'd meet someone."

"Who?"

"Ever heard of the Old Survivor?"

"Well, there's a myth..."

"I'm seeing him here."

But it hasn't
Sceptics and cynics sim
didn't want to believe what
was happening. Quite un-
justly The Sex Pistols were
written off as musical in-
competents. They were
savagely criticised for dar-
ing to criticise society and
the rock musician's role in
it. They have been crucified
by the uncaring national
press – ever ready to fer-
ret out a circulation
boosting shock/horror story
– and branded an unplea-
sant, highly reprehensible
Great Media Hype.
– Virgin Records Publicity - 1977
'Lemmy of Motorhead?'
"He's doing me a favour."
"Isn't he an old hippy fart?"
LESSON FOUR
DO NOT PLAY
DON'T GIVE
THE GAME AWAY

Sleazy Slut Of The Month

"They think they're heavily into manipulation, but really we just let them play at it." Mr. Bug's representative sat comfortably in the darkness of the limousine. "Nobody who really believes they're manipulating things is safe. Sooner or later people lose patience. And people are very patient indeed. Most of you don't actually want to make anyone else do anything."

"Live and let live," said Helen of Troy. "It's time I got back to the bunker."

"I'm interested in human beings," said Mr Bug's representative, squeaking a little as he moved in his rubber. "I've studied them for years."

"Do you understand them?"

"Not really, but I've learned a lot about what triggers to pull. And I know enough, too, not to think that I can keep too many balls in the air."

"Have you see Malcolm? That's who I was looking for, really."

"We've all seen too much of Malcolm, haven't we?"

"Has he left your club?"

"You could try it. But hardly any of us go there any more."

"Aliens?"

"Call us what you like. I prefer to think of myself as a student person. But I'm not sure I'm going to make the finals."

Mr Bug's representative uttered a cheerful wheeze and opened the door so that Helen could step out.

"It's quite a nice morning, isn't it?" he said. "It was Clapham Common you wanted?"

"It'll do," said Helen.

"The malady lingers on." Mr Bug's representative flicked his robot driver with his whip. "We'll try Hampstead Heath again now."

The driver's voice was feminine. "What are we looking for, sir?"

Mr Bug's representative shrugged. "Whatever they're looking for."

"Do you think we'll find it, sir?"

"I'm not sure it matters. But it's something to pass the time. And we might meet some interesting people."

"Are there any real people left in London, sir?"

"I take your point. The city seems to be filling up with nothing but the ghosts of old anarchists, these days. Not to mention Chartists and the like. Have you seen any of the Chartists?"

"Not recently, sir."

"There's bound to be a few on Hampstead Heath. What London really lacks at present is a genuine, big, healthy Mob."

"Never seen you before."

"What's going on? Who's playing tonight."

"Black Arabs."

"Is Malcolm in there?"

"Not for me to say. Not for you to ask."

"But I'm with the band."

"What band?"

"What band do you want me to be with?"

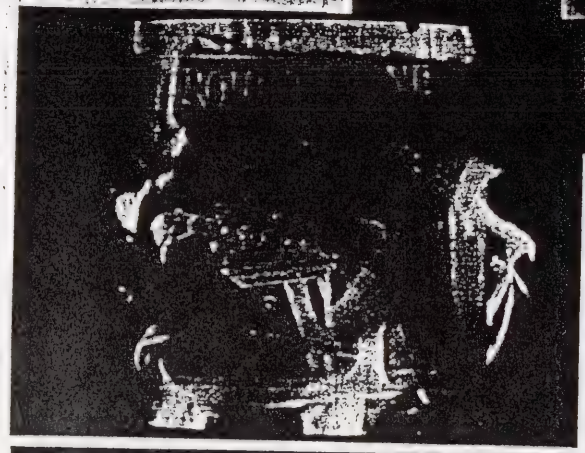
"Off!" said the bouncer. "Go on."

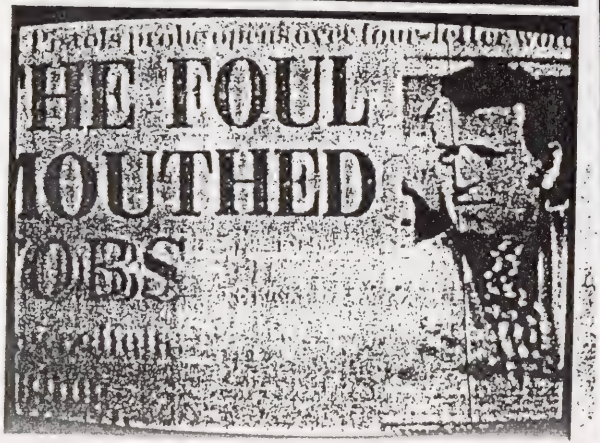
"Any news?"

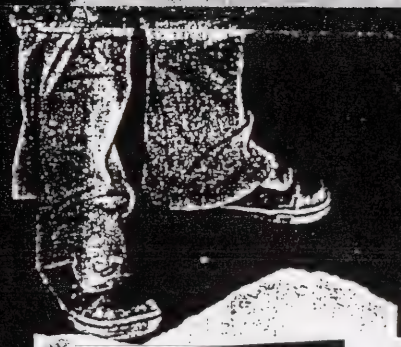
"Any news?"

Frank Cornelius looked anxiously at the CRYPTIK. It didn't seem a patch on some of Miss Brunner's other machines, but she put a great deal of faith in it.

"A few more record companies have been broken into. Tapes and records stolen. Some accounts. Majestic Studios have been blown up. Freerange have had a fire. Island's wiped out."







"Ask Malcolm."

"You, mate, are persona non bloody grata."

"You, mate, are persona non bloody grata. Get it?"

"Is Malcolm in there?"

"You're a persistent little cunt, ain't ya." The bouncer hit him.

"What you do that for?"

"Security."

Steve nursed his lip. "You shouldn't be afraid of me."

"It's not you, chum. It's the people you're hanging around with."

As Steve reached the street again, and began to walk in the general direction of Soho, he looked up. Over the rooftops was the outline of a small, sagging airship. It seemed to be drifting aimlessly on the wind.

To the North, quite close to the Post Office Tower, a fire was blazing.

United Artists, thought Steve absently.

"And the casualties?" asked Bishop Beesley, mopping his brow with an old Flake wrapper.

"They don't look significant. Everybody seems to be evacuating."

"Mr Bug?"

"Not sure. No data."

"Why are we sticking it out, then?" said Frank. "Why should we be the only ones?"

"Because we know best, don't we?" Miss Brunner reached absently towards where Mary had been sitting. Now there was just a little pile of clothes. Mary had been absorbed some hours ago. "Someone's going to have to go out for some food. I think it's you, Frank."

"You're setting me up. If my brother finds me, you know what he'll do. He's got a nasty, vengeful nature. He's never forgiven me for Tony Blackburn, let alone anything else."

"He's too busy at present." She waved the printouts. "Anyway, he hardly ever bothers you unless you've bothered him."

"How do I know if I've bothered him or not?"

Miss Brunner became impatient. "Frank! Go and get us someone to eat."

"And some chocolate fudge, if possible," said Bishop Beesley.

Frank put his Browning in the pocket of his mack. He sidled reluctantly towards the door.

"Hurry," hissed Miss Brunner.

"Any special orders?"

"Anything tasty will suit me." She returned her attention to the CRYPTIK. "At this rate we'll be eating each other."

This made her feel sick.

No Feelings

There was a bouncer on the door of the New Oldies Club as Steve tried to go through.

"No way, my son," said the bouncer.

Steve blinked. "You know me."

Bodies

Mr Bug's representative said. "Things look as if they're hotting up."

They were crossing over Abbey Road. Police were making traffic detour around the ruins.

"All the old targets." Mr Bug's representative lit a fresh cigarette and put it to his tube. "Still, what new ones are there?"

The driver pressed the horn.

EMI Unlimited Edition

Steve leaned on the gates of Buckingham Palace and dragged the book from his inside pocket.

The book was called Who Killed Bambi? He opened it up. All the pages were blank. He was getting used to this sort of thing.

"Oh, there you are!" Helen of Troy came running over from St James's Park. "We thought we'd lost you."

"I don't trust you, Helen. You're with them now."

"Why don't you join us?"

"What for?"

"There's safety in numbers."

"So you say."

"Anyway," said Helen, "you shouldn't be hanging about here, should you? Everyone's getting very security conscious. They might arrest you."

"Everything else has been arrested, by the look of it."

"I'm worried about you, Steve."

"Don't be."

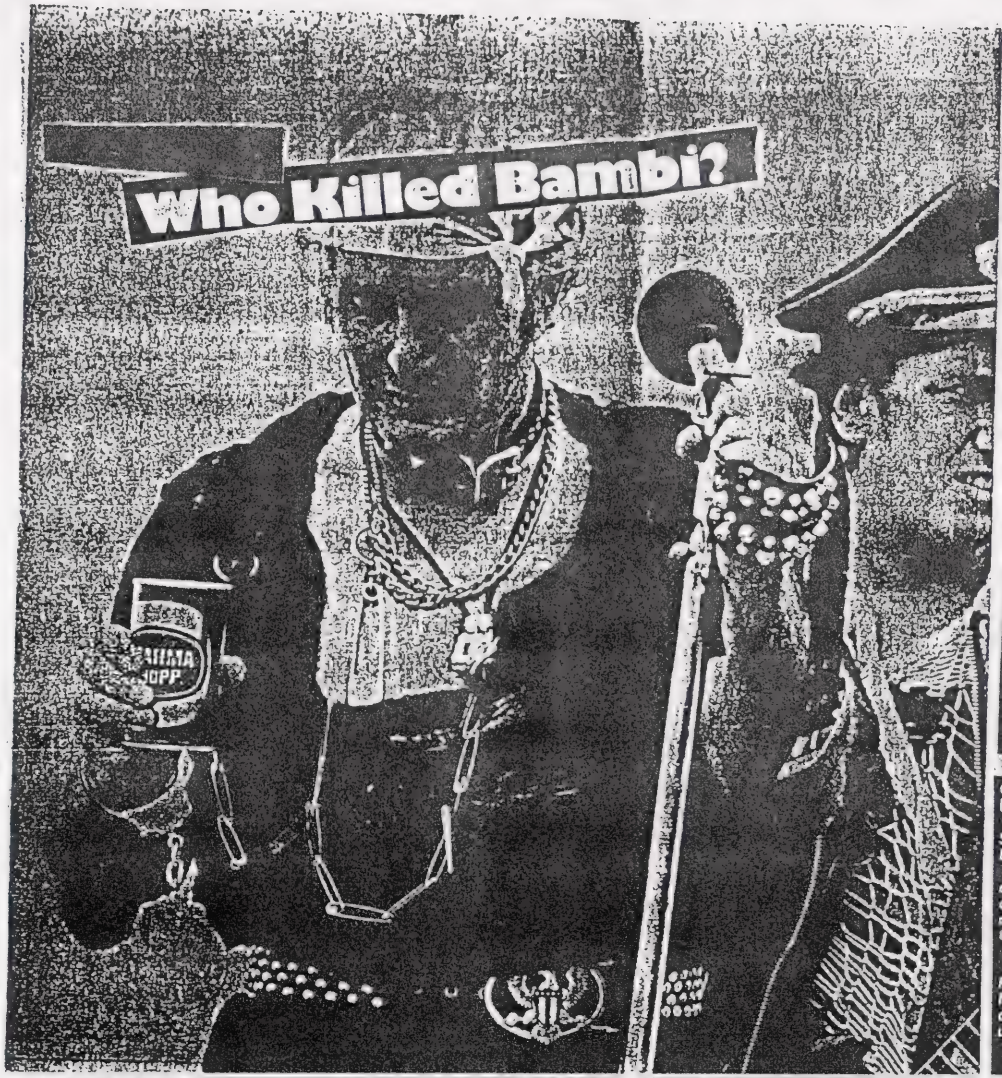
"We can help you."

"That didn't work the last time."

Army trucks were coming down the Mall. Garbled voices called through loudspeakers mounted on the tops of the trucks.

Steve decided to follow Helen round the corner into Buckingham Palace Road. She took his hand. "Coming along then?"

"No," he said. "I think I'll catch a train from Victoria."



Manager As Voyeur

"It was just another wank," said Sid, picking at himself in the Café Hendrix.

"But a seminal wank, you must admit," said Nancy. She had been allowed in on a visit. She had always been fond of bad jokes.

Nestor Makhno looked up from the next table, a spoonful of ruby-coloured borsht near his lips, his wooly hat slipping down over one eye. "It's the politically illiterate who start revolutions. And it's the politically literate who lose them. You mustn't blame yourself."

"I blame the Chelsea Hotel," said Dylan Thomas. "Have you ever stayed there? In the winter? Brrr. It brings you down, boyo." Since arriving at the Café Hendrix he had adopted an appalling Welsh jocularity.

"What would you do?" asked Nancy. "If they gave you the chance of a comeback?"

"Tell them to stuff it."

"I know what I'd do," said Nestor Makhno. "I'd go all the way. Nihilism. I would have in the first place, I think, but the wife didn't like it."

"Blow 'em all up," said Bakunin cheerfully.

"Now there speaks a true wanker," said Jesus. He went up to the counter to get another espresso. "Who did you ever assassinate?"

"That's scarcely the point, is it?" Bakunin was hurt. But he knew he was talking to an ace.

Everyone was aware of it.

Sid winked at the pouting Russian. "You can't compete with him. He's sent millions and millions off."

"It's a question of style." Bakunin waved a gloved hand. "Not of numbers killed."

"You've probably got a point there." Keats and Chatterton went by arm in arm. "And Sid had a lot of style. A lot of potential."

"Well, I might yet realise it," said Sid. He was having a think.

Great Moments With The Immortals

"Maybe it's the Gulf Stream." Paul and Steve were dragging themselves ashore at last. They had arrived on the beach at Rio.

"It's fate, lads!" Martin Bormann, wearing only red and black swimming trunks, a discreet swastika on his saluting arm, came marching up. "I was only thinking about you this morning."

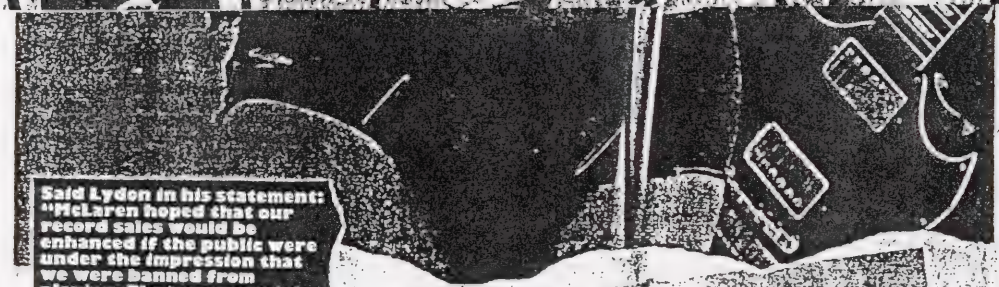
"Have you seen Malcolm?" Steve asked.

"You've just missed him, I'm afraid. But Ronnie's about. He wants to join the group. I hear you're a couple of members short. I don't wish to push myself forward, but I used to be very fond of music..."

"We'll think about it," said Paul.

"Pistols, pistols uber alles," sang Martin.

You mustn't let it get you down."



Said Lydon in his statement: "McLaren hoped that our record sales would be enhanced if the public were under the impression that we were banned from playing. That was certainly untrue. Some halls wouldn't have us, but others applied to Glitterbest for gigs during 1977 and were either refused or else received no replies." In the end, he claimed, the Pistols resorted to doing three gigs under assumed names.

...Sid Vicious rang Lydon one morning at 5.00 am to inform him that McLaren had just visited him. McLaren had complained to Vicious about Lydon, and Vicious himself told Lydon that he had had enough of the Sex Pistols. "Vicious sounded incoherent," said Lydon's statement. "I've since heard that he took an overdose of heroin shortly after McLaren's visit." Subsequently, Wilmers claimed, Lydon and McLaren had a face to face showdown at which Lydon said he didn't like getting publicity out of a man who had left a train driver like a vegetable.

The judge asked whether Rotten had changed in view of his refusal to become involved with Biggs. "The image projected is one in which violence is not opposed," he commented.

Mr Wilmers said that Rotten did not approve of killing people.

— New Musical Express, 24th February 1979

Boeing Clipper about, would you?" Steve cast an eye on the sky.

"Oh, you know about that, do you?"

"Has one been here?"

"It's the plane Malcolm left on."

"Betrayed!" said Steve.

"It's probably a coincidence," said Paul.

"The entire German people betrayed me," said Martin sympathetically. "They weren't worthy of us, you see. But what do we actually mean by this word 'betrayal'? Don't we in some ways betray only ourselves...?"

They hadn't got time for his third rate Nazi metaphysic. They began to run up the beach.

"We've got to earn some money, Steve," said Paul.

Steve stopped.

"We'll have to do a few gigs." He turned. "Have you got any bookings, Martin?"

"Amazon, three nights starting from tomorrow. Then there's the Mardi Gras..."

"We'll take 'em," said Paul.

Human Conditioner

Miss Brunner set the crudely printed invitation on top of her CRYPTIK and frowned at it.

"Maybe they're willing to deal at last?" said Frank. He had his areas of optimism.

"It could be a joke," said Bishop Beesley.

She hovered over her keyboard, but nothing came to mind.

"A farewell gig, though," said Frank. "I thought they'd already done that." He sniggered.

"Malcolm will be there." Bishop Beesley waved an important Crunchy. "And we need to raise some cash."

"We'll make a few contacts." Frank reached towards the invitation but had his wrist slapped away by Miss Brunner.

"It's another trap," she said.

"What can they do to us? We've survived everything."

"Your brother's involved. He's been resurrecting people again. You know what he's like."

"Everyone who is everyone — or was anyone — will be there. Let's give it a go." Frank stroked his hand. "Please. My mum'll be there. She works at the venue. He wouldn't hurt our mum."

Miss Brunner was letting him convince her.

"And I've never seen him live," said Bishop Beesley. "If live is the right word."

"It'll be a relaxing night out." Frank gave a stupid grin. "Well, it'll make a change."

"It'll make a change," Miss Brunner agreed. "Do we get to see the film as well?"

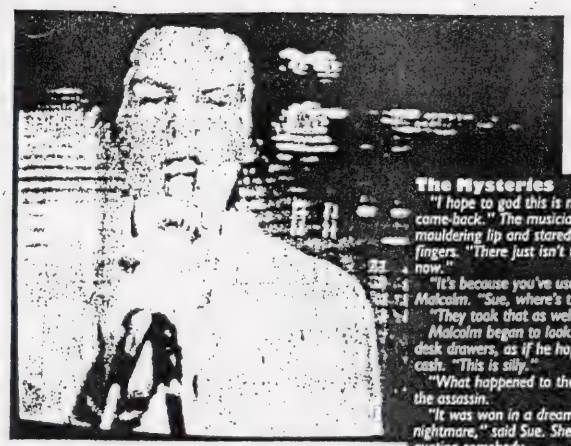
"It doesn't say."

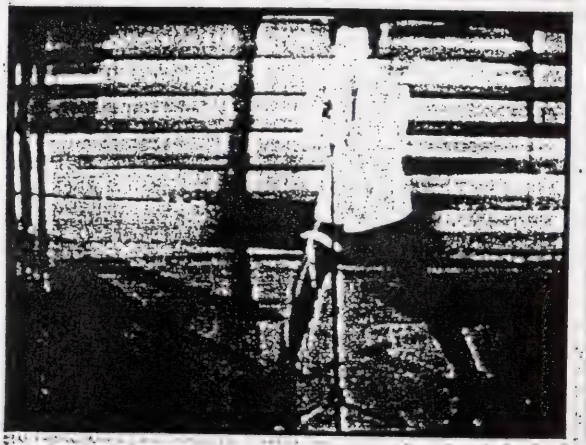
The CRYPTIC made a peculiar peeping noise.

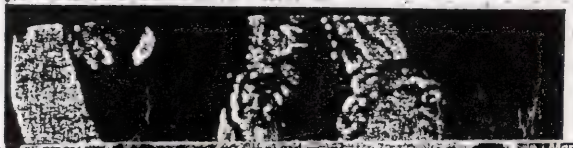
"I think it's laughing," she said.

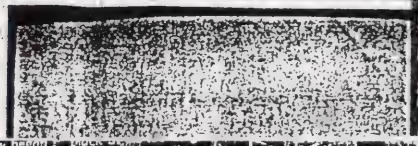
OBER, NOCH'N DOPPELTEN SCOTCH, UND ICH ERZÄHLE IHNEN EINE ATEMBERAUBENDE ...
JUNI 1977. ENGLAND FEIERT DAS THRONJUBILÄUM DER KÖNIGIN.
JUNI 1977. DIE SEX PISTOLS, ENGLANDS WILDESTE PUNK-GRUPPE, BRINGEN "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN" AUF DEN MARKT.
GRAU, DORT, WO SIE NICHT VERBOTEN SIND, FINDET DIE ANTI-PATRIOTISCHE SIBE REISSENDEN ABSATZ...
PSSST!
ZUR FEIER DES ERIGNISSES (DES THRONJUBILÄUMS) NICHT DER PLATTE) WILL DER BUCKINGHAM-PALAST EINE KÖNIGLICHE PARTY VERANSTALTEN.
DAS WIRD EIN RIESENSPEKTAKEL HEUTE ABEND, MAJESTÄT!
NOCH EINE TASSE TEE ?
PSSST!
AUCH DIE SEX PISTOLS UND IHR MENTOR MC LAREN WOLLEN DAS ERIGNIS GEBÜHRENDE FEIERN... ALLERDINGS AUF IHRE WEISE...
WIR CHARTERN EIN SCHIFF!
JA! DIE 'QUEEN ELIZABETH'!
FUCK!
HE, HAST DU STOFF!?
SCHNALLZE, SID!!
SUB-VERSION! REVOLUTION!
AM TAGE: 7 VERSAMMELN SICH AN DIE SECHZIG AUSERWÄHLTE ZU EINER KREUZFAHRT AUF DER THEMSE...
DIE PRESSE IST AN BORD UND ICH BIN AUCH DABEI...

DIE 45er PISTOLEN SIND HINGERISSEN...
WER SIND DIESE ARSCHE DA?!?
FUCK YOU!!
UND TROTZ EINES LEICHTEN UNWOHLSEINS...
...GEBEN SIE EIN PAAR NUMMERN ZUM BESTEN...
I WANNA BE MEEEE
ES IST SCHON DUNKEL, ALS DAS SCHIFF BIG BEN PASSIERT UND SICH DER BUCKINGHAM-PALAST NÄHERT, WO SICH AN DIESEM ABEND ENGLANDS HIGH SOCIETY EIN STELDICHEIN GIBT.
„GOD SAVE THE QUEEN, A FASCIST REGIME!!
AN BORD GEHTES NIEDTWENIGER VERGNÜGLICH ZU...
NO FUN!! FUCK YOU!!
WAS MACHEN WIR? HAUEN WIR AB?!
LATENTER EXISTENZEKEL!!
HAT DIE AKTION VORRANG VOR DER REFLEXION?
ICH HÄTTE LUST, DIE KÖNIGIN VON ENGLAND ANZUSPUCKEN!
ICH HABE ALLES MITANGEHÖRT UND ZÖGERE KEINE SEKUNDE...
ICH MUSS IHNEN ZUVORKOMMEN! DAS WIRD EIN KNÜLLER!!
KALIM HAT DAS SCHIFF FESTGEMACHT. BLASEN DIE SEX PISTOLS ZUM ANGRIFF...
ALLES ZUM PALAST!!
FUCK!!
WÄHRENDSIE GEWALTSAM IN DEN GROSSEN SALON EINDRINGEN...
FUCK!
FUCK!
...LAUFE ICH AUF DIE KÖNIGIN ZU...
UND RÖTTEN SCHREITET ZUR TAT...
UND SO WÜRDE ICH DURCH MEINEN UNERSCHROCKENEN KÖRPEREINSATZ ZU EINER ART HELD...
Daily Mirror
BRITAIN'S BIGGEST
London, Thursday, June
GOD AND PHIL PERFECT SAVE THE QUEEN!
ENDE









The Mysteries

"I hope to god this is my last bloody come-back." The musician-assassin bit his mouldering lip and stared at his disintegrated fingers. "There just isn't the energy around now."

"It's because you've used it all up," said Malcolm. "Sue, where's the cheque book?"

"They took that as well."

Malcolm began to look in the backs of his desk drawers, as if he hoped to find a little cash. "This is silly."

"What happened to the money?" asked the assassin.

"It was won in a dream and lost in a nightmare," said Sue. She seemed to be quoting somebody.

"Where did it go?"

"Ask the bloody Official Receiver."

"Isn't that what he's asking you?"

"Everybody's asking the wrong questions." Sue glared at the assassin. "Leave him alone. Can't you see he hasn't had any sleep in months?"

"That always happens when you try to make a dream come true, doesn't it?"

"I don't need you sitting there, rotting in my last good chair," said Malcolm. "Have all the invitations gone out, Sue?"

"I'm not moralising," said the assassin defensively, "exactly. I'm speaking from several lifetimes of experience."

"All gone out," said Sue.

"Isn't the dream better than what we've got?"

"Are you Mr Bug?"

"Let's just say I do his tailoring."

"Where is he?"

"Where he always was. Zurich. Watching telly."

"I never thought of Switzerland." The assassin tried to recover a fingernail which had dropped onto the bare boards.

"Few people ever do."

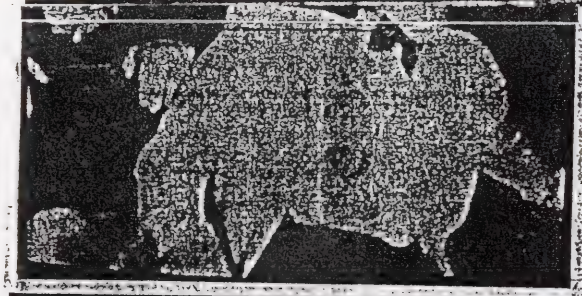
"It could just be the suit that's in Switzerland."

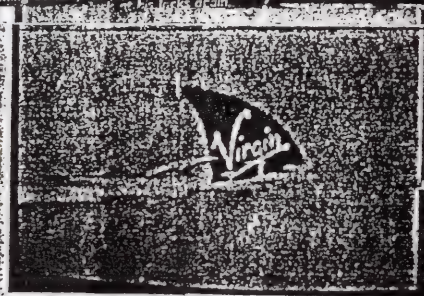
"The suit is Mr Bug." Malcolm paused in his search. "I should know, shouldn't I?"

The assassin drew himself onto unsteady feet. He dusted a little light mould from his black car coat.

"Well, that clears everything up. Thanks. I'll see you at the pit."

He listened for a while, "Yeah," becoming devoutly earnest. "Yeah." He looks again.





a pair of discarded bondage trousers.

The assassin paused by the door. "Oh, by the way, who really did kill —?"

"Get off," said Malcolm.

As the assassin went down the stairs, Sue came trotting after him. She whispered:

"It was Rus. But Malcolm set it up."

The assassin had already forgotten the question.

When You Wish Upon A Star

The Concorde landed on schedule at Margaret Thatcher Airport.

"England looks very clean, these days," said Martin Bormann with some satisfaction. "I always knew there was a chance for her."

An old robber, disguised as an ex-boxer, said through his balaclava: "A return to proper standards. And about time."

Steve settled his trilby on his head. "As soon as I see Malcolm I'm going to..."

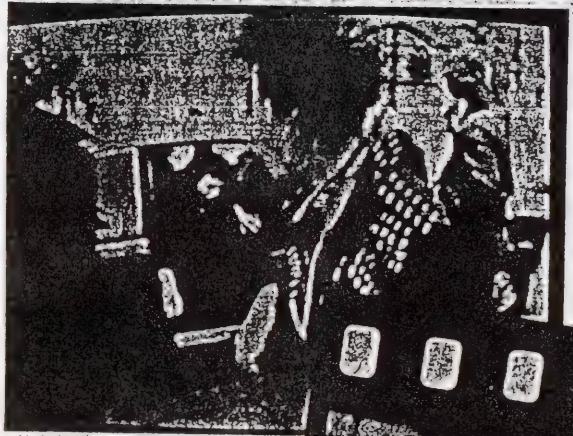
"Give it up," said Paul. "Just for a bit, eh?"

Martin Bormann was disappointed. "I thought there'd be a crowd waiting for us. Like the Beatles."

"Crowds need organising," said Steve, "and Malcolm's too busy for that. Besides, he's not managing us any more."

"Are you sure?"

"Well, you can never be absolutely certain."



Reaching The Market

"I'm glad I'm not dead. I'm glad I'm not dead," mumbled the last of the musician-assassins to himself. He had put on his old pierrot suit and had plastered his face with white make-up to hide the worst of the decay. "You've got to think positive."

He shuffled through the streets of North London. He was lost. He seemed to remember that he had been on his way to some kind of party. It was possible that he had missed it during one of his rests. It had started to rain. The silk suit began to stick to his skeleton as he turned into Finchley Road.

Everything was getting very hazy.

Requiem Mc2

"Two Rotten Bars, please." Sue looked at her own little dolls on display in the foyer. She still thought she should get the bars free, but she paid for them anyway. Tenpole began to sing at her.

"You stop that, Tadpole." Mrs Cornelius came round the corner. "Don't let 'im bother you, love. 'E wants ter be discovered. Will Malcolm be along later?"

"Discovered?"

"Like America." She laughed heartily so that her goods in her tray bounced beneath her bouncing breasts. "An' all them over bleedin' colonies."

Sue went inside. She wanted to be sure of a good seat.

they were all beginning to arrive now. Nearly everybody was in some form of fancy dress. Mickey Most, in lugubrious and inappropriate corduroy, Jake Riviera, Tony Howard, Peter Jenner, Andrew Lloyd Webber, Martin Davis. A lot of denim and fur. A lot of vain leather.

Shuffling in and standing in the shadows, the half-collapsed pierrot looked at them going by. It was like a gathering of Mafia dons, old and new. Richard Branson, Michael Dempsey, Miles Copeland: some of them in modifications of demi-monde styles, some in grotesque parodies of dandyism. The Black Arabs arrived, singly or in couples, with their girlfriends.

The pierrot noticed how comfortable they all were. It was probably because not a single punter had been on the invitation list. Some of them complained that they had to pay, but in the main they were not discontented.

Elton John, Rod Stewart, Olivia Newton-John, Cliff Richard and Barbra Streisand. Bishop Beesley, Miss Brunner, Anne Nightingale. Frank Cornelius didn't notice his brother. He was walking on air. He felt euphoric in the presence of cash. The slightly self-conscious members of the musical press, trying to look like musicians, and as usual

never absolutely certain of their social status: their expressions changing constantly as they tried for an appropriate mode.

They were piling in, drawn by curiosity, greed, a wish not to be left out.

Music publishers, record company executives, the owners of studios; agents and managers.

"What a lot of controllers," mumbled the last of the musician-assassins. "What a lot of mortgages."

Elegant cowboys, smoothed-up Hells Angels, Beverly Hills punks. Nobody required any hope, only confirmation. They confirmed one another.

The pierrot was reminded of a bunch of burghers going into church.

Steve and Paul wandered in. Steve's trenchcoat was covered in a variety of old food, vomit and semen. He had lost his hat. A bouncer appeared from nowhere. "Sorry, you've got to have invitations."

Ronnie Biggs and Martin Bormann said in chorus: "It's all right. They're with us."

"Johnny won't come," said Steve to no-one in particular. He hadn't noticed the pierrot in the shadows, either.

Wasting It

"I've seen this before," whispered Miss Brunner to Frank as the film came on.

"We've all seen it before," said someone behind her. "That doesn't mean we can't enjoy it."

Steve was crawling between the seats, still looking for Malcolm.

He found a tartan knee. "Malcolm? Wake up."

"Give him a break," said Sue. "Can't you leave him alone for a minute?"

It was standing room only for the old pierrot. He held on tightly to the rail at the back, trying to focus fading eyes.

His mother popped in. "Jerry. Yore lookin terrible. There's a chap in the foyer. Sez 'e's Mr Bug's bailiff. Is it ther Receivers?"

"They're not playing tonight."

"I'll tell 'im." She disappeared.

"Mum..." He stretched out his wounded hand. "My wiring's gone..." But she didn't hear him.

He could only dimly detect the soundtrack now. There was a lot of plummy laughter coming from the seats. The film was reassuring its audience while pretending to shock them; a perfect formula for success.

"It's sure to be a winner," said Helen of Troy, slipping out for a pee.

The pierrot gasped. Everything was going round and round.

Sometime later, as he desperately tried to revive his attention, he saw Sid at last. The operation had been a success. He wasn't absolutely sure by now if Sid was actually on stage or on film. He was singing My Way, with all his old style.

Steve crawled up and began to tug at the pierrot's suit. Bits of it tore away in his hand. "This is where I come in."

He crawled on, towards the exit.

The volume rose higher and higher. There were a few murmers of complaint.

The pierrot felt a taste better. He managed an appreciative groan.

The song ended.

Gunfire began to sound in the auditorium.

The pierrot sank to the dirty floor with a happy grunt. "It worked, after all. We did it, Sid."

The hall became filled with the sounds of terror. Blood and bits of flesh flew everywhere. The audience was tearing itself to pieces as it tried to escape. No one did.

Eventually there was silence. A dark screen. A vacuum. An avenged ghost.

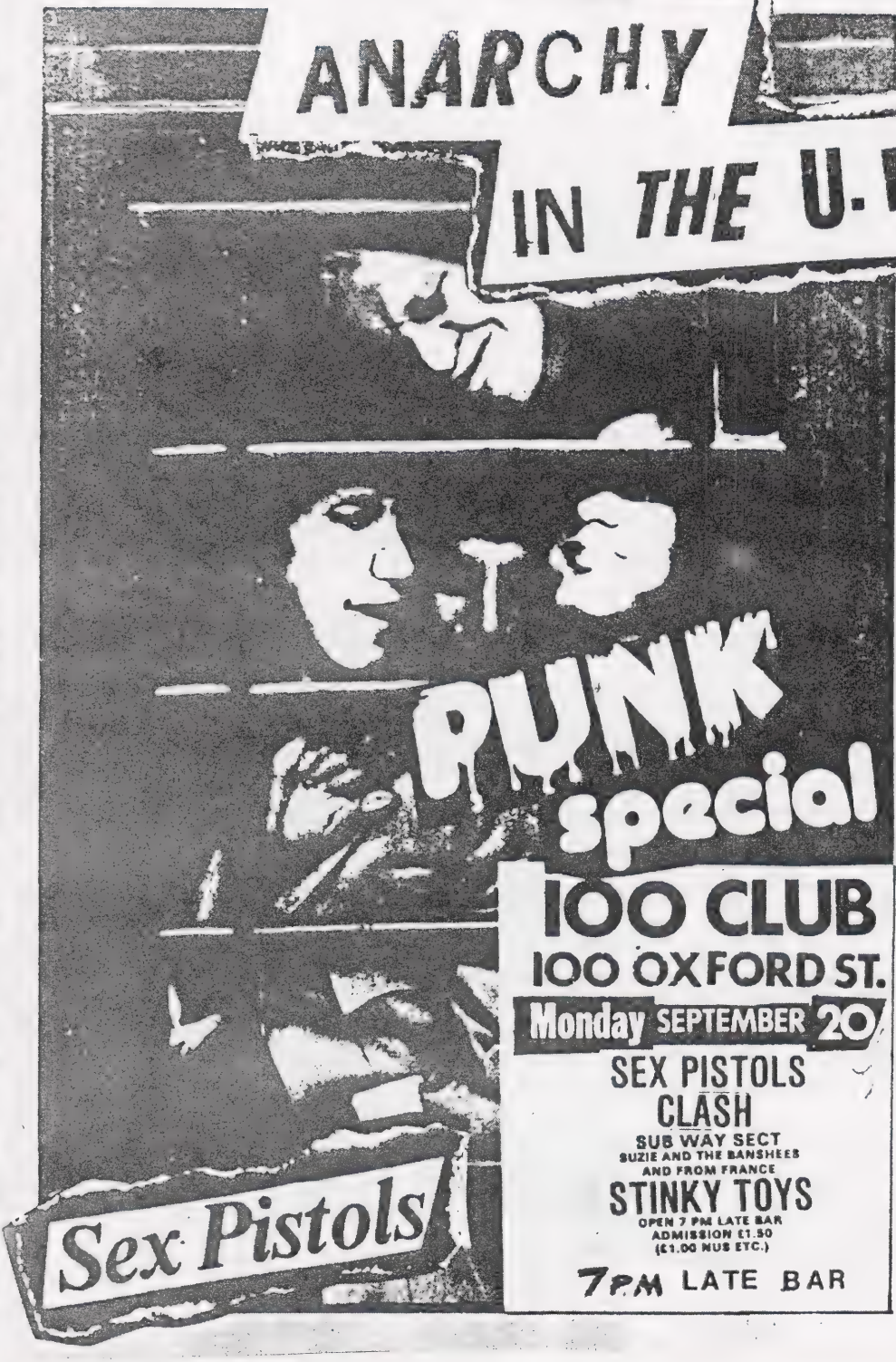
Mrs Cornelius opened the doors. She had an expression of resigned disgust on her face.

"'Oo the bloody 'ell do they expect ter clear up this fuckin' mess, then?"

"Bomb?" said Tenpole behind her.

He began to sing again.

ANARCHY IN THE U.K.



Sex Pistols trennen sich

Aus, Schluss, vorbei! Die Sex Pistols gibt's nicht mehr. Nach einer sensationell erfolgreichen Amerika-Tournee, die sehr wohl den weltweiten Durchbruch der englischen Punkstars hätte bedeuten können, gab's zwischen Johnny Rotten und dem Rest der Gruppe Stunk. Trennung!

Noch vor wenigen Wochen war die Pistols-Welt in schönster Ordnung. Die Jungs in der Band verstanden sich bestens, schienen eine unzertrennliche Einheit zu sein (s. Bericht im vordern Heftteil). Auch die US-Tour ging reibungslos über die Bühne. Die Berichte, die täglich hier eintrafen, klangen grossartig. Triumph in Atlanta, Memphis, San Francisco — ein Riesenerfolg! Die amerikanischen Punks jubelten und bespuckten ihre Stars liebevoll. Selbst das bürgerliche Amerika gab seiner unterschwelligen Sympathie für die bösen Jungs aus England Ausdruck.

Dann nach dem letzten Konzert in San Francisco gab es Ärger. Ersten Meldungen zufolge, die von der Westcoast hier eintrafen, wollten die Pistols am nächsten Tag nach Brasilien weiterfliegen, um dort dem englischen Posträuber Roland Biggs ihre Aufwartung zu machen. Doch dann herrschte plötzlich Funkstille — die Gruppe und ihr Manager Malcolm McLaren waren unauffindbar.

Einen Tag später traf die erste Hiobsbotschaft ein: Johnny Rotten, der überraschend (und allein) in New York aufgetaucht war, teilte dem Reporter der englischen Tageszeitung «The Sun» mit, dass er die Gruppe verlassen habe. Originalton

Da strahlten sie noch: Sex Pistols bei ihrer Ankunft in New York

Rotten: «Ich habe die Nase voll von den Sex Pistols. Ich will nie mehr mit ihnen auftreten. Wir haben uns zwar nicht gestritten. Wir setzten uns einfach zusammen und beschlossen, dass das Ende gekommen sei. Ich weiss nicht, wie's in Zukunft weitergehen wird, doch ich bezweifle sehr, dass wir jemals wieder zusammenspielen werden. Wir haben das gebracht, was wir bringen konnten. Jedermann hat versucht, aus uns eine Supergruppe zu machen — und das gefiel mir gar nicht. Ich weigerte mich, nach Brasilien zu gehen; die ganze Sache mit Roland Biggs war doch nichts anderes als ein stinkender Publicity-Trick!»

Da drehten die englischen Massenmedien durch. Die konservative Tagesschau, die für gewöhnlich nur politische und Sport-Nachrichten sendet, widmete den Pistols einen ganzen Sendeblock. Und sämtliche Zeitungen machten für die verkrachten Punks ihre Titelseiten frei.

Am nächsten Tag folgte der Konterangriff der restlichen Pistols und Managers Malcolm McLaren. In Interviews bestritten sie, dass Rotten sie verlassen habe. Das Gegenteil sei der Fall gewesen. Zitat McLaren: «Wir haben ihn rausgeschmissen. Wir haben abgestimmt und beschlossen, dass er gehen soll. Er machte uns noch ganz verrückt mit seinem Ego. Und sowieso — ich finde es grossartig, nach 18 Monaten zu splitten — wir hatten unsere Karriere immer so geplant. Ab heute lege ich mein Manageramt nieder. Unsere ganzen Verträge haben wir bereits zerrissen.»

Darauf meldete sich auch Johnny Rotten wieder zum Wort: «Von wegen Ego — das stimmt überhaupt nicht. Ich wollte immer, dass die Pistols eine 4-Mann-Band sind, in der jeder gleich viel Rechte hat!»

Der andere Star der Gruppe, Bassist Sid Vicious, erlebte das ganze Tohuwabohu nicht mehr bei Bewusstsein. Mit einer schweren Drogenvergiftung schwebte er in einem amerikanischen Krankenhaus in Lebensgefahr ...

WiLd PxXxRoCkS PaRtY

(Nr. 5)

In dEn NiKoLaUs

mit dabei:

Happy Kadaver
(GERMANPUNK aus Wipperfürth)

BULLOCKS
(PUNKROCK 77er Style aus Düsseldorf)

STOUGH
(PUNKnROLL aus Düsseldorf)

LA CRY
(PUNKnROLL aus Hamburg)

Samstag den 5.Dez92

Im Keller des Alten Mädchengymnasium
auf der Schwarzenberger Str. in Duisburg-
Rheinhausen (Rechte Treppe runter)